

must grip men in the very heart and center of the fierce business and industrial world, in the very heart and center of modern commercialism and greed, in the very arena of modern business wonders and triumphs.

#### AN OPEN LETTER TO DR. LYMAN ABBOTT.

Dr. Lyman Abbott, My Dear Sir: In view of the unassimilable nature of the race inhabiting the Philippine islands, the failure to develop commerce and industry in the archipelago and harmonious personal and social relations with the Filipinos, the gap yawning wider and wider between them and their rulers, do you feel that it is fair to describe the question of Philippine independence as being a question as academic as that of "American sovereignty in the Louisiana purchase"? This I see you are reported to have done at Lake Mohonk, in spite of the latest declaration of the President concerning the Philippines, of the hope that they might some day occupy "the same relations to the United States as Cuba;" and in the very face and eyes of what has recently been said and done at Manila by representatives of the Filipino people, unanimous in petitioning for that freedom which the United States can give them by causing the "neutralization" of the islands—fulfilling any responsibility we may have been supposed to have assumed there, while getting rid of a burden which we ought never to have assumed and which has become too grievous to be borne. At least the question should be faced manfully and honestly, and not shirked by an ostrich policy which ignores the actual state of facts. To ignore it or to repress the discussion of independence while the education of the people goes on in contact with the traditions of American liberty, is only to prepare for revolution by and by. I am your obedient servant,

ERVING WINSLOW.

20 Central St., Boston, Oct. 21, 1905.

#### MR. ROCKEFELLER'S PATHETIC EFFORTS TO REHABILITATE HIMSELF.

Silent as the deepest depths of silence was John D. Rockefeller when Miss Tarbell told the criminal origin of his fortune, and Lawson exposed its criminal uses. But silence has proved a flimsy shield. Rockefellerism was fast becoming a synonym for all that is heartless and wicked in American plutocracy. That wasn't pleasant, and at last the silence is broken. Not directly; not defensive-

ly; but with the skill of a practiced press agent, who has shrewdly advised that the people be allowed to think what they please of the Rockefeller exposures, provided they learn to think well of Rockefeller himself. If this is not the meaning of the recent overwhelming flood of Rockefeller dispatches from Cleveland, then the journalistic signs are out of joint. It appears to be very cleverly done. But alas! is it not too late?—Editorial in The Public of Sept. 16.

Cleveland, Oct. 13.—Patrick Lynch, gatekeeper at Forest Hill, is mourning the departure of John D. Rockefeller.

"I wish the master were going to be here the year round," he said today. "He is the only real friend I have in the world. He is the kindest, best, and the most modest and humble man I have ever known. He treats me like one of the family. In England I have worked for royalty, and there are none of them as good as Mr. Rockefeller.

"People generally don't know what a kind heart the master has. Just a little while before he left he picked up a little colored boy and took him riding in the automobile. He said when he bought the automobile that he couldn't get one large enough. He wants to give everyone a ride. He often gets little, dirty, foreign waifs from the sidewalk and takes them out. All the time he talks to them and asks questions. He certainly is the kindest man in the world."—Special to the New York Times.

Tarrytown, N. Y., Oct. 13.—John D. Rockefeller and party arrived here from Cleveland to-day. They were met by John D. Rockefeller, Jr., and the father kissed his son. James Burns, an elderly street sweeper, was an interested spectator. Dragging his broom behind him, Burns tottered up to the Lillonaire.

"Howdy, Mr. Rockefeller," exclaimed the sweeper, extending his soiled hand.

"And who are you?" asked Mr. Rockefeller.

"Just plain Jim Burns, a street sweeper, sir," replied the man, extending his hand a little farther.

Mr. Rockefeller seized the hand with a firm grasp. "I'm glad to know you, Mr. Burns," he said.

The oil man reached into his pocket and drew forth a roll of greenbacks that nearly gave Burns heart failure. Then he handed a dollar to the aston-

ished street sweeper.—Special to the Chicago Record-Herald.

#### THE FUNCTION AND THE FUTURE OF THE STATE UNIVERSITY.

Extracts from the inaugural address of Dr. Edmund J. James, president of the University of Illinois, delivered Wednesday afternoon, Oct. 18, 1905, at Urbana, Ill.

The State University, following its practical tendencies, is destined to become a great group of professional schools preparing its students for the various occupations of life for which an extended scientific training based on adequate, liberal, preparatory training is necessary or desirable. It will abolish the old-fashioned American College as one of its departments, relegating a part of its work to the high school and absorbing another part of its work in the university proper. It will cut off the Freshman and Sophomore years, letting the high school and college take them, while it will consolidate the Junior and Senior years with the graduate school into a general university faculty of arts and science. It will be a place for training men and women and not boys and girls as is so largely the case now.

The idealism which many people fear will be lost with the disappearance of the college will be found anew in the training for the profession itself which will receive a new position of dignity and power through the scientific preparation which will thus be secured for it in the enlarged and liberalized university.

In a word, the State University which most fully performs its function for the American people will stand simply, plainly, unequivocally and uncompromisingly for training for vocation—not training for leisure nor training for scholarship; except as scholarship is a necessary incidental to all proper training for vocation or may be a vocation in itself. But training to perform an efficient service for society in and through some calling in which a man expresses himself and through which he works out some lasting good to society. Such a training for vocation should naturally and would inevitably, if the training be of the proper kind, result in the awakening of such ideals of service as would permeate, refine and elevate the character of a student. It would make him a scholar and investigator, a thinker, a patriot and an educated gentleman.

The State University will be essentially a democratic institution; as comprehensive as the population of

the State itself. It will stand ever beckoning to the young men and women of the Commonwealth to come up and prepare themselves to render the service of highest value to the community. It will train to an ever-increasing extent the leaders in the learned professions—the men and women who in teaching, in law and medicine, in farming and engineering, in business and commerce, will give the tone to the life and activity of the State.

But the State University . . . is in a certain sense the scientific arm of the state government as the Governor and his assistants are the executive, and judges and courts the judicial. Modern government is becoming very complex. Its problems are many and difficult. For the solution of many of them extensive laboratories, well equipped and under the direction of trained investigators, are necessary. All this work should go to the State University. How far this is already carried may be seen in the case of the University of Illinois. Here are located the National and State Agricultural Experiment Stations, the State Engineering Experiment Station (the first of its kind in the United States), the State Geological Survey, the State Laboratory of Natural History, the State Entomologist's Office, and the State Water Survey. This combination of public administrative work, scientific investigation and educational training has the most happy results.

#### HEROES OF THE COMMON LIFE.

Readers of the daily press know that a terrible storm raged on the Great Lakes on Friday, Oct. 20, and that some 30 vessels were wrecked or foundered. A dispatch from Port Huron, Mich., to the Chicago Chronicle of the 23d, tells how one doomed crew saved the lives of another crew, when they found they could not save themselves.

Nine heroes went down with the schooner Minnedosa Friday night. The angered, raging wind sent mountainous waves to batter to pieces the wooden boat wherein eight men and one woman were imprisoned. The vessel creaked and groaned and timbers snapped. The bulwarks went over. The wind hissed through the rigging and sent it piece by piece into the lake. Great seams were opening and water poured into the schooner's hold.

Ahead tumbled the steel steamer Westmount, stanch and able. Behind pitched the Melrose, a frailer vessel than the Minnedosa and faring worse, it must seem. The Minnedosa was going to the bottom. Every one of the

nine human beings aboard her knew it. Why should they take others with them? Perhaps if cast loose the Melrose could save herself.

Capt. Jack Phillips' voice rose in command over the howling storm. One of the crew held a sharp ax. It fell and a blow set the Melrose free. A few moments later the Minnedosa with its nine heroes, and a cargo of 75,000 bushels of wheat, lurched to the bottom off Harbor Beach, Lake Huron.

When the trailing towline was pulled aboard the steamer Westmount, which had been towing the Melrose and Minnedosa, the tow post of the Minnedosa came with it. The towline had not broken.

Those who went down with the Minnedosa were: Phillips, John, captain, Kingston, Ont.; Phillips, Mrs., the captain's wife; Waller, Arthur, mate, Nova Scotia; McDermott, George, Belleville, Ont.; Allen, James, Nova Scotia; passenger and three sailors, names unknown.

For 30 years Capt. Alexander Milligan, of St. Catherine's, Ont., on the steamer Westmount, and Capt. R. A. Davey, of Kingston, Ont., on the schooner Melrose, have sailed the lakes, but the story they told when their boats were lying at Sarnia to-day was of a battle with wind and water the like of which they had never before experienced.

Capt. Milligan, of the Westmount, stated that the Minnedosa was carrying an unusually heavy load. Her usual cargo was 60,000 bushels, but she had carried 75,000 before and it was thought perfectly safe to have her carry as much this time.

"The Minnedosa went to the bottom without a signal of distress," he said. "We did not know how serious was her condition."

"We never expected to see land again," said Capt. Davey, of the Melrose. "The Melrose is an old boat and in the gale that swept the lakes Friday night she had small chance to get into shelter alone. Suddenly there came a snap and the severed ten-inch hawser that had held the Melrose to the Minnedosa was pulled in. A clean cut marked the work of the ax. The crew of the Minnedosa had realized their doom and sought in the last moment to save the Melrose. The timbers were cracking, death seemed upon us. And then help came, and none too soon, for the Melrose was badly battered."

I go for all sharing the privileges of the government who assist in sharing its burdens, by no means excluding women.—Abraham Lincoln.

#### "TRUSTEES FOR THE COMMON GOOD."

A speech delivered by C. E. S. Wood at the reception and dinner to Mr. James J. Hill, of the Great Northern, and Mr. Howard Elliott, of the Northern Pacific, and others, at the American Inn, Portland, Ore., October 2, 1905, to celebrate the construction of the Railroad down the North Bank of the Columbia River. Mr. Wood's was the last speech of the evening, and to the lateness of the hour is probably attributable the fact that it was not reported in the daily press. The Public takes pride in its exclusive publication of a speech at once so witty and so wise.

Mr. Hill, Mr. Elliott, Ben Campbell—our little Benjamin—and all you other railroad magnates:

This is your dinner, and if you haven't had enough, just say the word. You are all awfully welcome—just as welcome as pumpkin pie to a school-boy or a rich bachelor uncle to a poor nephew. Portland is glad to see you. I don't believe Portland has had within her gates at her fair and festival board such a bevy of railroad magnates since Henry Villard brought his personally conducted trainload of German barons and English dukes to the driving of the last spike of the O. R. & N. That was the greatest bunch of real railroad magnates ever seen in captivity. I hesitated to apply to you the epithet "railroad magnates," but a newspaper reporter told me the term was often used, and did not necessarily imply any reproach. I know very little about such matters. I never was a railroad magnate myself. The only real railroad magnate I ever knew intimately is Mr. Wheelwright. He owns a railroad reaching from Oshkosh or St. Petersburg through the wolf-haunted forest of Siberia, and across those snowy and wind-swept wastes clear to Port Arthur. It starts right here at the end of the Trail, and no one should miss it. But it hasn't spoiled him a bit. He is just the same genial old Wheelwright—not a bit stuck up. In fact, since he has owned that magnificent property, I think he has been rather depressed. You other railroad magnates ought to see that road. I don't think you have ever seen just such a railroad, and if you would only take the time to go and pay your way, it might help a brother magnate out of trouble. I know that would be unusual, but you might make an exception this once. Wheelwright is a good fellow, and he needs it. It is the best show on the Trail, and well worth the price of admission. I say this at Mr. Wheelwright's request. Or if you wish annual passes over the line, I have no